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FOOD FOR THE MILLION.

THE question of food and feeding is one of such importance that it well deserves the attention it is at present exciting; and whilst it affects all classes, it is of special importance to those whose limited incomes demand the full value for money expended. Yet it is just this class who, as matters now stand, have difficulty in procuring wholesome unadulterated food at a reasonable cost; for whatever may be said as to the advantages of the present state of trade and competition, it can hardly be asserted that the poor man reaps practical benefit therefrom; indeed, as a rule, really good food is beyond his reach; and it is rare for him to get—in large towns, at least—even his staple article of diet, bread, without more or less of adulteration.

As a consequence of the high price of food, the dietary of that very large class, the decent poor, has resolved itself into very narrow limits, and consists, mainly, of bread, potatoes, dried fish, and cheese, with highly adulterated beer and spirits; or tea made from 'siftings,' with or without watered milk. In many such families, the Sunday dinner of meat is looked forward to as the treat of the week, though, in nine cases out of ten, the meat will be of inferior quality and badly cooked. There is a fashion, indeed, amongst some writers and speakers, of crying down the extravagance of the poor, who in prosperous times are represented as wasting money which should be laid by for a 'rainy-day,' in the pleasures of the table, with a special leaning towards unseasonable delicacies. We do not deny the force of the complaint in regard to the artisan class, who greatly need such instruction in cookery as we referred to lately, by means of which, wholesome and inexpensive food may be made so tempting as to take the place of the present system of 'treats.'

But in respect to the class below the artisan, our experience points in an altogether different direction; though even were there truth in the statement, we doubt whether those who are so

quick to criticise would not be equally ready to vary such an extremely limited bill of fare, at those rare opportunities when money is fairly plentiful. That thousands of unskilled labourers and their families do live strictly within such limits, those who know anything of their life can testify; and the case of a poor woman is by no means exceptional, who, on being asked if she would like a basin of dripping to take home, responded eagerly: 'That I should; the chilfer's mighty fond of a bit of *grease* with their bread, and they don't often get it.'

'But,' objects the poor man's critic, 'why is not more use made of such things as peas, beans, and lentils, which are both cheap and nourishing?'

Undoubtedly they are, and equally they *can* be made appetising, but scarcely with the restrictions under which the labourer's wife has to set about her cooking. To begin with, the stock, dripping, or lard which the richer cook uses as a matter of course, are beyond her reach; and even the minor details of herbs, spices, or flavourings are not to be had for the asking. But, allowing that she could lay her hand upon such essentials to tempting dishes, there remains a difficulty so great as to be practically insurmountable. As houses for the poor now stand, it is only the inhabitant of the kitchen who is the possessor of a grate that will cook, or at least that was originally intended for that purpose. All the other lodgers—say from six to ten families—are without any sort of oven or boiler, and frequently without even a hob on which to rest a saucepan or kettle. In very many cases, the difficulty is increased by the bad state of repair of the apology for a grate; and the large percentage of smoky chimneys would astonish those who have not gone into the subject.

Now, under such circumstances, a thoroughly good and clever cook *might* manage the soups and stews, which, we are sometimes gravely assured, the French peasant can make out of 'nothing'; but it is certainly a feat of skill far beyond the average working-woman; and even

could she do it, it is an open question whether the constant smell incidental to cooking would not do more harm than good, when that cooking must of necessity be carried on in the one room where the whole family lives, eats, sleeps, and washes.

It must also be remembered that this is not merely a question of taste, involving no graver considerations than a limited selection of food. On the contrary, the matter of the palate is trivial, compared with the lack of nourishment such diet affords. In the country, as a rule, the labourer, however low his wages, has access to fresh vegetables, and has the means for securing home-made bread; but it is not the least amongst the evils of large towns that the poor are forced to live in such a way that the degenerate physical condition of the working classes is becoming proverbial; indeed, to our thinking, the only wonder is that, with our present system of bad lodging and bad feeding, we have not even a worse health-average. Nor is this an evil for which 'time' will provide a remedy, but rather may we expect each succeeding generation to be something less strong and vigorous; and not the most sanguine spirit would venture to affirm that our trade prospects are such that we can afford to look with indifference upon the prospect of an enfeebled race of workers.

Hitherto, there have been but few efforts to provide wholesome, well-cooked, nourishing food for the labouring man. Soup-kitchens, which do good work in their way, are mainly helpful to the destitute, whose case we are not considering. Coffee-stalls, cheap eating-houses and coffee-palaces, do something; but the former are very limited in accommodation and resources; and the latter have hardly had such capital and support as to give them a fair chance; and even when they succeed, the benefit is confined to the man himself, and does not include his family, which represents the next generation. It is therefore with sincere pleasure that we hail a comprehensive scheme for the establishment of public kitchens to supply the working-man and his family with food, wholesome, nourishing, well cooked, and at such a moderate cost as to bring it within the reach of the whole labouring population. The scheme is very ably and fully worked out in a small volume before us, entitled *Food for the Million*, by Captain M. P. Wolff (London : Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.). From the preface, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, we find that the writer, 'Captain Wolff, in June 1883 read a pamphlet, at the request of the National Health Society, in which he dealt with an acknowledged blot in our social system. I allude to the bad food and altogether shocking and expensive cuisine of the poor. The remedy which he suggested was received with that cautious apathy which characterises the Englishman's treatment of everything out of the usual routine. Captain Wolff proposed to start public kitchens on an enormous scale. Ninety million fourpenny portions were to be issued annually from one hundred and fifty kitchens, situated in the poorest parts of London. Instead of the present ruinous plan pursued by the poor of buying raw material in small quantities, and then wasting half, and cooking the rest badly, the public kitchens would offer them small but adequate quantities of exquisitely cooked food, the raw materials of which had been purchased wholesale, and distributed

cheaply, because worked up in vast quantities at a time. The poor were to save thirty to fifty per cent. by the transaction, whilst those who invested their capital in the kitchens were to realise seventeen per cent. for their money. John Bull listened, shrugged his shoulders, said the German captain was sanguine, went home, and soon forgot all about Wolff and his public kitchens.' And John Bull, who is not accustomed to connect fabulous interest with safe investment, may well be pardoned for thinking seventeen per cent. rather too good to be true.'

But Captain Wolff, fully believing in the truth of his own ideas, very wisely set to work to support his statements; and by careful collection of facts relating to cost of material and working expenses, has fully proved the feasibility of his scheme from a pecuniary point of view; and the impartial reader of his powerful arguments can hardly fail to be impressed with the desirability of a fair trial being given to a scheme, at once simple, complete, and advantageous.

The first and most important part of the work of these kitchens will naturally be the providing of dinners, which can either be eaten in the dining-hall, or taken away for home consumption. In the latter case, it is proposed to supply bivalved tin vessels from the size of one to four portions; these are to be exposed for sale at cost price; and there is to be a plentiful supply of hot-water taps for the filling of these vessels; thus the food will be kept hot, and the wasteful warming-up will be unnecessary. As to the amount of food in a 'portion,' Captain Wolff says: 'To satisfy a man's appetite, three-fifths of a quart of solid vegetables, such as peas, lentils, haricot beans; or four-fifths of the lighter kind, as potatoes, or potatoes with cabbages, or greens, or broad beans, or with carrots and turnips, will be sufficient; whilst a quarter of a pound (raw weight) of meat and edible fat, with gravy, or one-third of a pound of fish, might represent the lowest limit of intrinsic nutritious food which health requires, and the highest which can be supplied for the low price of fourpence a portion. But half-portions, of just one half the contents and the price of a full portion, should be offered as well. A little hungry male or female street arab, even should he or she have somehow or other scraped together the necessary penny, could scarcely swallow a full portion; not to mention the other fact, that they, as well as a good many men and women, would be prevented by want of means from getting a mouthful of hot and tasty food at all, unless half-portions were given.'

But the providing of dinners is not to be the only work of the kitchens. It is suggested that they should offer 'breakfasts and suppers on the premises, as well as for home consumption. How many thousands of tons of coal are yearly wasted during the summer alone. One penny for a large cup of tea, coffee, or coco ought to be the maximum charge. Bread, butter, cheese, sausages, cold ham, and such cold meat, or hot meat, with vegetables, as might have been left from the mid-day meal, and every kind of non-intoxicating drink, might equally be offered from six to eight A.M., and from six-thirty to nine P.M., all the year round.'

It is also proposed that lavatories should be

attached to each kitchen, with the entrance-fee of one halfpenny, and that part of the dining-hall could be reserved in an evening, as a sort of clubroom, for customers.

The subject of the bill of fare has an interesting chapter, showing what elements are necessary to the proper nutrition of the body, and how these may be obtained at the lowest possible cost. In view of the extremely small sums charged, this is an important consideration; and with great wisdom and moderation, the writer concludes his remarks thus: 'It cannot possibly be doubted that the introduction of public kitchens will soon be much appreciated. It nevertheless will destroy old time-honoured habits; and such a transition cannot be effected without a great deal of shaking heads, discussion, nay, even heart-burnings. I have also proposed a better mode of preparing vegetables, and this represents another shock to the palatal prejudices of the masses. I therefore do not believe that the public would be able to endure more at a time. For the full execution of the rational mode of nutrition, as shown above, requires the extensive use of peas, beans, and lentils in the form of pies or soups, as they represent, considering the price, the highest content of units of nutriment of all vegetables. But pulse is not at all liked in England, nor are soups.'

Without losing sight of the ideal end, that is, the gradual importation of this rational nutrition of the customers, by offering them, one day to come, such breakfasts and suppers as would be necessary for completing the 'units' given by the dinners up to the necessary total, the future Board of Directors ought at the beginning to content themselves with the first part of the task, as described above, leaving it to the customers' choice to enjoy, as heretofore, their tea or coffee with bread, butter, cheese, sausages, &c., as their fancy may induce them to do, in the morning and evening.

The formation of a working staff, with its Board of Directors, lady-superintendent, cook, kitchen-maids, &c., is carefully explained, and great stress is laid on the value of 'lady-helpers' to assist at the mid-day meal. Giving his own experience on this point, the writer says: 'I secured in that little kitchen which I started in Germany with considerable success, the help of ladies for every week in turn, in order not only to look occasionally after the general working arrangements, but particularly to receive each day the empty, and return the filled vessels for home consumption at the kitchen window, and to hand the filled plates through another window to the customers in the dining-room. Thus they soon became acquainted with each face, as they themselves became known to the public. A kind look, an approving or pitying word, a little support to a helpless old woman or small child, soon established a sort of mutual regard and sympathetic feeling, not only between those two parties, meeting for so short a time, but towards the establishment itself likewise. Nor was I in any difficulty about finding such helpers; for those who had had only once the opportunity of seeing, after returning the filled vessel to some pale-faced, ragged, hungry-looking little boy, his eyes light up at the anticipation of his savoury meal, felt highly rewarded for such a two hours'

self-sacrifice, and were ever ready to offer their services again.'

There is much more on the same subject well worth reading; and we fully indorse the sentiment, that whilst, as a rule, 'man's manner of performing business bears a distinctly curt, strict, and exclusively rational character,' there is that in a true woman's nature which gives her the power of arousing the sympathy of others by the unaffected offering of her own.

Finding that his high figures were too startling to the uninitiated, Captain Wolff now suggests that a beginning might be made thus: 'A small number, say eight to ten sample kitchens, should be started in London under a well-chosen number of ladies and gentlemen of reputation. In these experimental establishments, the ground-plan of the kitchens and the adjoining rooms, the style of the business, the cooking, frying, and roasting apparatus, the best manner of preparing the food, the introduction of new dishes, the easiest way of issuing the portions, the method of keeping the accounts, &c., could be shown; and a staff of carefully chosen kitchen-directresses and head-cooks could be educated, and so well instructed as to be able to work independently and satisfactorily wherever there might be a demand for them.'

Once fairly started, Captain Wolff has no sort of doubt as to the success of the enterprise, the one obstacle at present being the want of funds sufficient to secure a firm basis; for without sufficient capital to buy in large quantities at wholesale prices, it would be impossible to provide nourishing food at the low figures named. Once at work, the affair would be more than self-supporting; but the poor for whose benefit it is to be undertaken lack funds to make a start; and to begin with less than sufficient capital would be to end in failure.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIV.

WARING went out with Constance when the sun got low in the skies. He took a much longer walk than was at all usual, and pointed out to her many points of view. The paths that ran among the olive woods, the little terraces which cut up the sides of the hills, the cool gray foliage and gnarled trunks, the clumps of flowers—garden flowers in England, but here as wild, and rather more common than blades of grass—delighted her; and her talk delighted him. He had not gone so far for months; nor had he, he thought, for years found the time go so fast. It was very different from Frances' mild attempts at conversation. 'Do you think, papa? Do you remember, papa?'—so many references to events so trifling, and her little talk about Tassie's plans and Mrs Gaunt's news. Constance took him boldly into her life and told him what was going on in *the world*. Ah, the world! that was the only world. He had said in his bitterness, again and again, that Society was as limited as any village, and duchesses curiously like washer-women; but when he found himself once more on the edge of that great tumult of existence,

he was like the old war-horse that neighs at the sound of the battle. He began to ask her questions about the people he had known. He had always been a shy, proud man, and had never thrown himself into the stream; but still there had been people who had known him and liked him, or whom he had liked; and gradually he awakened into animation and pleasure.

When they met the old general taking his stroll, too, before dinner, that leather old Indian was dazzled by the bright creature, who walked along between them, almost as tall as the two men, with her graceful careless step and independent ways, not deferring to them, as the other ladies did, but leading the conversation. Even General Gaunt began to think whether there was any one whom he could speak of, any one he had known, whom, perhaps, this young exponent of Society might know. She knew everybody. Even princes and princesses had no mystery for her. She told them what everybody said, with an air of knowing better than everybody, which in her meant no conceit or presumption, as in other young persons. Constance was quite unconscious of the possibility of being thus judged. She was not self-conscious at all. She was pleased to bring out her news for the advantage of the seniors. Frances was none the wiser when her sister told her the change that had come over the Grandmasons, or how Lord Sunbury's marriage had been brought about, and why people now had altered their houses for the Row. Frances listened; but she had never heard about Lord Sunbury's marriage, nor why it should shock the elegant public. But the gentlemen remembered his father; or they knew how young men commit themselves without intending it. It is not to be supposed that there was anything at all *risqué* in Constance' talk. She touched, indeed, upon the edge of scandals which had been in the newspapers, and therefore were known even to people in the Riviera; but she did it with the most absolute innocence, either not knowing or not understanding the evil. 'I believe there was something wrong, but I don't know what—mamma would never tell me,' she said. Her conversation was like a very light graceful edition of a Society paper—not then begun to be—with all the nastiness and almost all the malice left out. But not quite all; there was enough to be piquant. 'I am afraid I am a little ill-natured; but I don't like that man,' she would say now and then. When she said, 'I don't like that woman,' the gentlemen laughed. She was conscious of having a little success, and she was pleased too. Frances perhaps might be a better housekeeper; but Constance could not but think that in the equally important work of amusing papa she would be more successful than Frances. It was not much of a triumph, perhaps, for a girl who had known so many; but yet it was the only one as yet possible in the position in which she now was.

'I suppose it is settled that Frances is to go?' she said, as General Gaunt took the way to his bungalow, and she and her father turned towards home.

'She seems to have settled it for herself,' he said.

'I am always repeating she is so like mamma—

that is exactly what mamma would have done. They are very positive. You and I, papa, are not positive at all.'

'I think, my dear, that coming off as you did by yourself, was very positive indeed—and the first step in the universal turning upside down which has ensued.'

'I hope you are not sorry I came?'

'No, Constance. I am very glad to have you.' And this was quite true, although he had said to Frances something that sounded very different. Both things were true—both that he wished she had never left her mother; that he wished she might return to her mother, and leave Frances with him as of old; and that he was very glad to have her here.

'If I were to go back, would not everything settle down just as it was before?'

Then he thought of what Frances, taught by the keenness of a personal experience, had said to him a few hours ago. 'No,' he said; 'nothing can ever be as it was before. We never can go back to what has been, whether the event that has changed it has been happy or sad.'

'Oh, surely sometimes,' said Constance. 'That is a dreadful way to talk of anything so trifling as my visit. It could not make any real difference, because all the facts are just the same as they were before.'

To this he made no reply. She had no way, thanks to Frances, of finding out how different the position was. And she went on, after a pause: 'Have you settled how she is to go?'

'I have not even thought of that.'

'But, papa, you must think of it. She cannot go unless you manage it for her. Markham heard of those people coming, and that made it quite easy for me. If Markham were here!—

'Heaven forbid.'

'I have always heard you were prejudiced about Markham. I don't think he is very safe myself. I have warned Frances, whatever she does, not to let herself get into his hands.'

'Frances in Markham's hands! That is a thing I could not permit for a moment. Your mother may have a right to Frances' society, but none to throw her into the companionship of—'

'Her brother, papa.'

'Her brother! Her step-brother, if you please—which I think scarcely a relationship at all.'

Waring's prejudices, when they were roused, were strong. His daughter looked up in amazement at his sudden passion, the frown on his face, and the fire in his eye.

'You forget that I have been brought up with Markham,' she said. 'He is *my* brother; and he is a very good brother. There is nothing he will not do for me. I only warned Frances because—because she is different; because—'

'Because—she is a girl who ought not to breathe the same air with a young reprobate—a young—'

'Papa! You are mistaken. I don't know what Markham may have been; but he is not a reprobate. It was because Frances does not understand chaff, you know. She would think he was in earnest, and he is never in earnest. She would take him seriously, and nobody takes him seriously. But if you think he is bad, there is nobody who thinks that. He is not bad; he only has ways of thinking—'

'Which I hope my daughters will never share,' said Waring with a little formality.

Constance raised her head as if to speak, but then stopped, giving him a look which said more than words, and added no more.

In the meantime, Frances had been left alone. She had directed her letter, and left it to be posted. That step was taken, and could no more be thought over. She was glad to have a little of her time to herself, which once had been all to herself. She did not like as yet to broach the subject of her departure to Mariuccia; but she thought it all over very anxiously, trying to find some way which would take the burden of the household off the shoulders of Constance, who was not used to it. She thought the best thing to do would be to write out a series of *menus*, which Mariuccia might suggest to Constance, or carry out upon her own responsibility, whichever was most practicable; and she resolved that various little offices might be turned over to Domenico without interfering with her father's comfort. All these arrangements, though she turned them over very soberly in her mind, had a bewildering, dizzying effect upon her. She thought that it was as if she were going to die. When she went away out of the narrow inclosure of this world, which she knew, it would be to something so entirely strange to her that it would feel like another life. It would be as if she had died. She would not know anything; the surroundings, the companions, the habits, all would be strange. She would have to leave utterly behind her everything she had ever known. The thought was not melancholy, as is in almost all cases the thought of leaving 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day'; it made her heart swell and rise with an anticipation which was full of excitement and pleasure, but which at the same time had the effect of making her brain swim.

She could not make to herself any picture of the world to which she was going. It would be softer, finer, more luxurious than anything she knew; but that was all. Of her mother, she did try to form some idea. She was acquainted only with mothers who were old. Mrs Durant, who wore a cap, encircling her face, and tied under her chin; and Mrs Gaunt, who had grandchildren who were as old as Frances. Her own mother could not be like either of these; but still she would be old, more or less, would wrap herself up when she went out, would have gray, or even perhaps white hair (which Frances liked in an old lady): Mrs Durant wore a front, and Mrs Gaunt was suspected of dyeing her hair), and would not care to move about more than she could help. She would go out 'into Society' beautifully dressed with lace and jewels; and Frances grew more dizzy than ever, trying to imagine herself standing behind this magnificent old figure, like a maid of honour behind a queen. But it was difficult to imagine the details of a picture so completely vague. There was a general sense of splendour and novelty, a vague expectation of something delightful, which it was beyond her power to realise, but no more.

She had roused herself from the vague excitement of these dreams, which were very absorbing, though there was so little solidity in them, with a sudden fear that she was losing all the afternoon,

and that it was time to prepare for dinner. She went to the corner of the loggia which commanded the road, to look out for Constance and her father. The road swept along below the Punto, leading to the town; and a smaller path traversing the little height, climbed upward to the platform on which the Palazzo stood. Frances did not at first remark, as in general every villager does, an unfamiliar figure making its way up this path. Her father and sister were not visible, and it was for them she was looking. Presently, however, her eye was caught by the stranger, no doubt an English tourist, with a glass in his eye—a little man, with a soft gray felt hat, which, when he lifted his head to inspect the irregular structure of the old town, gave him something the air of a moving mushroom. His movements were somewhat irregular, as his eyes were fixed upon the walls, and did not serve to guide his feet, which stumbled continually on the inequalities of the path. His progress began to amuse her, as he came nearer, his head raised, his eyes fixed upon the buildings before him, his person executing a series of undulations like a ship in a storm. He climbed up at last to the height, and coming up to some women who were seated on the stone bench opposite to Frances on the loggia, began to ask them for instructions as to how he was to go.

The little scene amused Frances. The women were knitting, with a little cluster of children about them, scrambling upon the bench or on the dusty pathway at their feet. The stranger took off his big hat and addressed them with few words and many gestures. She heard *casa* and *Inglese*, but nothing else that was comprehensible. The women did their best to understand, and replied volubly. But here the little tourist evidently could not follow. He was like so many tourist visitors, capable of asking his question, but incapable of understanding the answer given him. Then there arose a shrill little tempest of laughter, in which he joined, and of which Frances herself could not resist the contagion. Perhaps a faint echo from the loggia caught the ear of one of the women, who knew her well, and who immediately pointed her out to the stranger. The little man turned round and made a few steps towards the Palazzo. He took off the mushroom top of gray felt, and presented to her an ugly, little, vivacious countenance. 'I beg you ten thousand pardons,' he said; 'but if you speak English, as I understand them to say, will you be so very kind as to direct me to the house of Mr Waring?—Ah, I am sure you are both English and kind! They tell me he lives near here.'

Frances looked down from her height demurely, suppressing the too-ready laugh, to listen to this queer little man; but his question took her very much by surprise. Another stranger asking for Mr Waring! But oh, so very different a one from Constance—an odd, little, ugly man, looking up at her in a curious one-sided attitude, with his glass in his eye. 'He lives here,' she said.

'What? Where?' He had replaced his mushroom on his head, and he cocked up towards her one ear, the ear upon the opposite side to the eye which wore the glass.

'Here!' cried Frances, pointing to the house, with a laugh which she could not restrain.

The stranger raised his eyebrows so much and so suddenly that his glass fell. 'Oh!' he cried—but the biggest O, round as the O of Giotto, as the Italians say. He paused there some time, looking at her, his mouth retaining the shape of that exclamation; and then he cast an investigating glance along the wall, and asked: 'How am I to get in?'

'Nunziata, show the gentleman the door,' cried Frances to one of the women on the bench. She lingered a moment, to look again down the road for her father. It was true that nothing could be so wonderful as what had already happened; but it seemed that surprises were not yet over. Would this be some one else who had known him, who was arriving full of the tale that had been told, and was a mystery no longer, some 'old friend' like Mr Mannerling, who would not be satisfied without betraying the harmless hermit, whom some chance had led him to discover? There was some bitterness in Frances' thoughts. She had not remembered the Mannerlings before, in the rush of other things to think of. The fat ruddy couple, so commonplace and so comfortable! Was it all their doing? Were they to blame for everything? for the conclusion of one existence, and the beginning of another? She went in to the drawing-room and sat down there, to be ready to receive the visitor. He could not be so important—that was impossible; there could be no new mystery to record.

When the door opened and Domenico solemnly ushered in the stranger, Frances, although her thoughts were not gay, could scarcely help laughing again. He carried his big gray mushroom top now in his hand; and the little round head which had been covered with it seemed incomplete without that thatch. Frances felt herself looking from the head to the hat with a ludicrous sense of this incompleteness. He had a small head, thinly covered with light hair, which seemed to grow in tufts like grass. His eyes twinkled keen, two very bright gray eyes, from the pockers of eyelids which looked old, as if he had got them second hand. There was a worn and wrinkled look about him altogether, carried out in his dress, and even in his boots, which suggested the same idea. An old man who looked young, or a young man who looked old. She could not make out which he was. He did not bow and hesitate, and announce himself as a friend of her father's, as she expected him to do, but came up to her briskly with a quick step, but a shuffle in his gait.

'I suppose I must introduce myself,' he said; 'though it is odd that we should need an introduction to each other, you and I.—After the first moment, I should have known you anywhere. You are quite like my mother.—Frances, isn't it? And I'm Markham, of course, you know.'

'Markham!' cried Frances. She had thought she could never be surprised again, after all that had happened. But she felt herself more astonished than ever now.

'Yes, Markham. You think I am not much to look at, I can see. I am not generally admired at the first glance.—Shake hands, Frances.—You don't quite feel like giving me a kiss, I suppose, at the first offset? Never mind. We shall be very good friends, after a while.'

He sat down, drawing a chair close to her. 'I am very glad to find you by yourself. I like the looks of you.—Where is Con? Taken possession of the governor, and left you alone to keep house, I should suppose?'

'Constance has gone out to walk with papa. I had several things to do.'

'I have not the least doubt of it. That would be the usual distribution of labour, if you remained together.—Fan, my mother has sent me to fetch you home.'

Frances drew a little farther away. She gave him a look of vague alarm. The familiarity of the address troubled her. But when she looked at him again, her gravity gave way. He was such a queer, such a very queer little man.

'You may laugh if you like, my dear,' he said. 'I am used to it. Providence—always the best judge, no doubt—has not given me an awe-inspiring countenance. It is hard upon my mother, who is a pretty woman. But I accept the position, for my part.—This is a charming place. You have got a number of nice things. And those little sketches are very tolerable. Who did them?—You?—Waring, so far as I remember, used to draw very well himself. I am glad you draw; it will give you a little occupation.—I like the looks of you, though I don't think you admire me.'

'Indeed,' said Frances, troubled, 'it is because I am so much surprised. Are you really—are you sure you are?—'

He gave a little chuckle, which made her start—an odd, comical, single note of laughter, very cordial and very droll, like the little man himself.

'I've got a servant with me,' he said, 'down at the hotel, who knows that I go by the name of Markham when I'm at home. I don't know if that will satisfy you. But Con, to be sure, knows me, which will be better. You don't hear any voice of nature saying within your breast, "This is my long-lost brother?"—That's pity. But by-and-by, you'll see, we'll be very good friends.'

'Oh, I didn't mean that I had any doubt. It is so great a surprise—one thing after another.'

'Now, answer me one question: Did you know anything about your family before Con came?—Ah,' he said, catching her alarmed and wondering glance, 'I thought not. I have always said so:—he never told you. And it has all burst upon you in a moment, you poor little thing. But you needn't be afraid of us. My mother has her faults; but she is a nice woman. You will like her. And I am very queer to look at, and many people think I have a screw loose. But I'm not bad to live with.—Have you settled it with the governor? Has he made many objections? He and I never drew well together. Perhaps you know?'

'He does not speak as if—he liked you. But I don't know anything. I have not been told—much. Please don't ask me things,' Frances cried.

'No, I will not. On the contrary, I'll tell you everything. Con probably would put a spoke in my wheel too. My dear little Fan, don't mind any of them. Give me your little hand. I am neither bad nor good. I am very much what people make me. I am nasty with

the nasty sometimes—more shame to me, and disagreeable with the disagreeable. But I am innocent with the innocent,' he said with some earnestness; 'and that is what you are, unless my eyes deceive me. You need not be afraid of me.'

'I am not afraid,' said Frances, looking at him. Then she added, after a pause: 'Not of you, nor of any one. I have never met any bad people. I don't believe any one would do me harm.'

'Nor I,' he said with a little fervour, patting her hand with his own. 'All the same,' he added, after a moment, 'it is perhaps wise not to give them the chance. So I've come to fetch you home.'

Frances, as she became accustomed to this remarkable new member of her family, began immediately, after her fashion, to think of the material necessities of the case. She could not start with him at once on the journey; and in the meantime where should she put him? The most natural thing seemed to be to withdraw again from the blue room, and take the little one behind, which looked out on the court. That would do, and no one need be any the wiser. She said with a little hesitation: 'I must go now and see about your room.'

'Room!' he cried. 'O no; there's no occasion for a room. I wouldn't trouble you for the world. I have got rooms at the hotel. I'll not stay even, since daddy's out, to meet him. You can tell him I'm here, and what I came for. If he wants to see me, he can look me up. I am very glad I have seen you. I'll write to the mother to-night to say you're quite satisfactory, and a credit to all your belongings; and I'll come to-morrow to see Con; and in the meantime, Fan, you must settle when you are to come; for it is an awkward time for a man to be loafing about here.'

He got up as he spoke, and stooping, gave her a serious brotherly kiss upon her forehead. 'I hope you and I will be very great friends,' he said.

And then he was gone! Was he a dream only, an imagination? But he was not the sort of figure that imagination produces. No dream-man could ever be so comical to behold, could ever wear a coat so curiously wrinkled, or those boots, in the curves of which the dust lay as in the inequalities of the dry and much-frequented road.

INSIDE A CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

ST CUTHBERT'S, USHAW.

EVERY one knows the stories of the wanderings of the bones of Joseph and of St Cuthbert—how the former found rest at last by Shechem, where a Mohammedan mosque marks the place; and how the many troublous journeyings of the dead body of the latter saint ended on the lovely banks of the Wear, and how over his tomb arose the sombre aisles of Durham Cathedral. This is perhaps the most finely situated of all our great churches; the river, with its richly wooded banks, bending in a graceful curve round the acclivity on which stand the cathedral, the castle, and the university, reminding the

traveller who is fortunate to see it with a background of moonlit clouds, of a Heidelberg made more massive and more mightily towering into the heavens.

When the Abbey Church of St Cuthbert and its attached monasteries were lost to the Roman Church at the Reformation, a general proscription being levelled against all such institutions, two difficulties faced the adherents of the traditional creed—how to find priests to administer the consolations of religion, and how to educate their children in their own faith. When things grew desperate under Elizabeth, they were driven to the expedient of establishing an English ecclesiastical seminary at Douay, on the borders of French Flanders, whither English Catholic nobles sent their sons, and whence missionary priests were brought, with many risks, and often courting danger, throughout the turmoils of the next two hundred years. Once they had to move the college to Rheims, owing to troubles in the near Netherlands; and frequent scares disturbed their platonic peace. But it was not till England, after the French Revolution, interfered by proclaiming war against the young Republic, that in the chaos of affairs they were dispersed at the potent bidding of Robespierre, their property confiscated, their rooms pillaged by a *ga* *ira* roaring mob, their buildings turned into barracks, their professors and students outrageously insulted, and as many of them as could not contrive to escape, imprisoned for two years, and subjected to perpetual ill-treatment at the hands of the myrmidons of the tricolor. When deliverance came, the survivors returned to English shores, resolved to rear within their happier native land a training-college for their ministers; and after many a futile project, St Cuthbert's College was founded, forming the nucleus of the present pile at Ushaw, and dedicated to the saint whose name it bears. And this college is to-day the sole lineal descendant of the Anglo-French Institution which gave to the world the Douay Bible.

The present extensive series of buildings stands on a bleak high moor, exposed to every wind that blows across Weardale and from the pineclad hillsides of the Browney valley. Wolves once ravened there, and Wolf's Bank—'Ulf-shaw'—has come down to modern ears as 'Ushaw.' By a severer metamorphosis, Philistine lips have converted the monastic 'Beau-re-père' that lies in the valley below into 'Bear Park.' Fifteen hundred acres, mostly of pasture, surround the central suite of halls and chapels. This large estate has slowly grown by the accretion of bequests and purchases. The principal chapel is being enlarged just now; but despite its temporary disuse, there is no lack of opportunity for ritual exercise, for before each of the eight altars within the precincts mass is celebrated every morning. The Museum is the present substitute for the church; and four times daily, between six A.M. and ten P.M., the whole of the inmates assemble for public worship, which is impressively rendered by their ample array of priests actual and priests potential, and their

posse of choristers and clerical assistants. Under the care of twenty Father-professors, there are three hundred students, about half of whom are destined to become priests.

It is interesting to contrast the course of study which pertains at Ushaw with that pursued at our Protestant theological colleges. For the most part, the future priest is captured while still young and all unaware of the high calling which is being provided for him by his seniors and betters. At the age of eight or ten years he is entered in Ushaw or in Stonyhurst, and the course of fourteen years is begun. The main pabulum of his days and nights for some time to come is Latin; and it is the exaggerated attention that is paid to that language which gave humorous point to the slips of the Tichborne claimant. He was alleged to have endured the thorough curriculum of Stonyhurst, and was hopelessly floored by the initial legend that appears on all documents of English Catholic colleges—A.M.D.G. ('Ad majorem Dei gloriam').

As a matter of daily fact, the dead Latin language has been made alive again in the cloisters of Ushaw; and the sooner a boy can learn to think in Roman fashion, to revert and introvert his thought-material as did his ecclesiastical forefathers of the Catacombs, the speedier will be his rise through the strangely named grades whose christening took place at old Douay. He will begin as a 'rudiment'—such is the official name for the homunculous possibility of a 'divine' just fresh to hand; then, fortune blowing out his sails, he will pass through the second embryonic stage of 'low figures,' and after shine as a 'high figure.' The 'grammarians' will welcome him next, and the 'syntaxians' receive him into their Lindley-Murray-ish midst. All this time, young Excelsior has been taking off his hat at intervals to stand uncovered whenever he addressed his seniors; but in the next grade he himself will come to some shadow of authority, and inherit a responsibility towards his juniors. The 'poets,' 'rhetoricians,' and 'philosophers' are the three sonorous graduations that tower in increasing majesty in the upper school, so that it may be a second visitor's fate, as it was mine, to hear one youth, calm with transparent modesty, proclaim his poet-hood; while another, equally guiltless of a beard—or the sacerdotal beard-privative—remarks to your astonished ears, 'I am a philosopher.' But above and beyond even these, there towers a higher Alp, where the 'divines' roam all wrapt in super-philosophic garb, and intent on gaining that keen insight into human nature which is held to characterise the Roman priesthood. 'Beyond the divines, there is and can be no higher class,' said a 'high figure' to me, himself awed into tremulousness of expression in describing their august doings. The 'divines' have a theological course of three years, exclusively devoted to divinity; but some dioceses demand still another year of special practical preparation. They preach in the college chapel on Sundays; and I regret to say that their popularity with their fellow-students is inversely proportionate to the length of their prelections, the studential endurance lasting generally a bare quarter of an hour.

The name of Ushaw is well known on the lists of the London University, its alumni often taking

high honours, especially in classics. They labour under severe penalties in science, for, despite their possession of an almost perfect scientific museum and chemical laboratory, the subjects are very inefficiently worked, and the students have no chance of distinguishing themselves. In mental and moral science, too, they are severely handicapped by being obliged to take a course of the orthodox Roman text-book of Sanseverino, an Italian prelate, at the same time that Mill and Bain demand their attention. The result is a mental fog, which is little conducive to success in the stiff metaphysical examinations of Burlington House. The passage from Sanseverino to Bain requires such a, somersault, that intellectual dislocation is the likeliest thing to ensue.

The games that engage whatever daylight is left over after subtracting eight hours of study, together with meal-times and the protracted 'chapels' are very strange to English eyes, and quite unique to the institution, being archaisms handed down from ante-Revolution days. They are almost all played with a kind of battledore, which is specially made on the premises—a cross between a hockey-stick and a tennis-bat; and these clubs are in requisition throughout the whole calendar of the playground, winter and summer. 'Cat'—so named because fourteen (quatorze) players are necessary—hand-ball, trap-in-the-ring, and rackets, are all played with this singular instrument; and the balls that are used are compounded by the boys themselves of wet worsted, hemp, and pitch covered with sheepskin. Their football is governed by a table of rules so recondite that the mysteries of Rugby and Association are comparatively lucid beside them. The half-holiday arrangement is for Tuesdays and Thursdays, by which system the week is more evenly split than when the Sunday rest succeeds immediately to the half-holiday of Saturday. Bishops and popes can, and do, win an easy popularity by granting additional holiday indulgences from time to time; and on all these holidays, the students may wander at will over the countryside in companies of three; and the 'black-coated dragoons,' with the inevitable walking-sticks, may be seen on a fine day scouring every wood and exploring every colliery village within walking distance. By a happy arrangement, long expeditions are rendered possible by the possession by the college of three country-houses, which serve as rendezvous and refreshment stations.

For indoor diversion, chief must be reckoned billiards and music. There are several Billiard-rooms; and the two bands, string and brass, give entertainments on high-days. Dramatic representations take place in the theatre, and the students enter with great zest into these periodical festivities. The only drawback is that the celibate authorities absolutely forbid the impersonation of female characters, a rule which sometimes lands the actors in strange straits. Portia ceases to assume the robes of masculinity, and becomes a veritable young doctor of the law yclept Portio; Lady Macbeth figures as the swaggering brother of her husband; and poor Shakespeare is bouldered to fit that! *Patience* is played without *Patience*, and the *Cloches de Corneville* without the *belles*. To my query, whether *Romeo and Juliet* had yet been attempted on the same plan, I received the serious answer, 'Not yet,' delivered

with the utmost *sang-froid*. *Blue Beard* is a great favourite, the playbills describing it as a 'melodrama by the Rev. Francis Wilkinson, D.D.'; and *Speculation* is a farce by Cardinal Wiseman. The most ambitious flight of the last-named prelate, however, is reserved for *The Hidden Gem*, which was played at a college jubilee a few years ago; but its theological nuances and polemical tone will probably limit its success to the circles wherein Catholic mystery plays without plot or passion can command attention.

There is a prefect of discipline, whose unenviable office compels him to execute the Draconian decrees of the professors; but it is reassuring to hear that, although the régime is very strict, 'maiden' sessions are to him of frequent occurrence. Some Protestant visitors once innocently inquired for the dungeons, and were intensely chagrined at not realising what they had anticipated as the great sight of the place. But many strangers are attracted by the pictures of Domenichino, Rembrandt, and Canaletti, as well as by the exquisite statuary and the multitude of sacred reliques. The library is very fine, with a catalogue 'in preparation'—as are most collegiate catalogues—of thirty thousand volumes; and it delights the Protestant heart to see that there is not the strict *cordon sanitaire* which we have been led to believe encircled Catholic libraries so as effectually to exclude the literature of Protestantism. The books of the great heresiarchs lie side by side with the most ultramontane of treatises that was ever permitted by the papal censor; and if the books wrangle, at least their discussions are inaudible.

To those who have spent a night at the Hospice of St Bernard, there is something of reminiscence suggested by the moor-surrounded college of St Cuthbert. The sense of loneliness that comes to one among so many gowned ecclesiastics, with the perpetual ringing of 'the church-going bell'; the endless images of Virgin and saint, always saluted, the sacred pictures, and the odour of incense, are all the same; while the famous hospitality of the votaries of St Bernard cannot be more heartily rendered than are the good offices of entertainment by the genial authorities of St Cuthbert's.

A CHANGE IN THE CAST.

A STORY OF AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN the walls of the substantial and convenient, but withal elegant residence called Hop Villa, situated in the pleasant county of Surrey, within one hour of London Bridge terminus, the advent of Christmas-tide was being looked forward to with more than the usual joyful anticipation. It may be as well to state at once that the cause of the enhanced interest taken in the approach of the season fatal to turkeys, and beneficial to doctors, by the family of Samuel Dobson, Esq., the eminent brewer, was the drama—nothing less. Yes; there was to be given an amateur theatrical performance on a 'scale of completeness never before attempted'

(vide playbills), in the large back drawing-room of Hop Villa on Christmas Eve.

The originator and chief promoter of the intended Thespian revels, which were being pushed forward with an extraordinary amount of zeal and energy, was Mr Samuel Dobson, Junior—popularly and curtly known amongst his intimate acquaintances as 'Sam'—the eldest son and hope of 'old Dobson,' as the wealthy proprietor of Hop Villa was invariably and irreverently styled behind his back. The young gentleman possessed very strong dramatic propensities, and was looked upon by his many associates as an almost infallible authority on any matter pertaining to the stage and its surroundings. It was an undisputed fact that he was on the most intimate terms with several 'pros'—as he familiarly dubbed the holders of 'the mirror up to nature'—and it was even darkly hinted that on more than one occasion Master Sam had 'assisted' at cosy tripe suppers provided by the jovial host of a tavern much affected by certain of the histrionic lights of the day. It was, therefore, no great matter of surprise for Samuel's friends to learn that the young dramatic enthusiast was 'going in for' a regular theatrical outburst at Christmas-tide.

Sam had experienced some difficulty in obtaining 'the guv'nor's' consent to the wished-for project. On several previous anniversaries of old Father Christmas, Dobson *père* had flatly withheld his coveted acquiescence in any such nonsense, as he uncompromisingly termed his son's desire. Yet, although the old gentleman had, until the period of our story, always put his veto on the private-theatrical scheme being carried out in his house, it was not because he was in any way prejudiced against the stage. Decidedly, such was not the case. In his youth and earlier manhood, Mr Dobson had been a regular frequenter at the particular temple of the drama which he usually affected, and like the Danish Prince, believed 'the play' to be 'the thing'—'in its proper place,' as he added. His real ground of objection—and not an unreasonable one—was, 'to having the house turned upside down and inside out, in order that a number of stage-struck young people might be enabled to make themselves ridiculous.'

'No, Samuel,' Mr Dobson had always emphatically said, 'I will not give my consent to the theatrical idea; but I don't mind sanctioning a milder form of amusement—say singing and recitations.'

This proffered concession on his father's part had always been 'declined with thanks' by Samuel, who expressed no little contempt for what he called those milk-and-watery affairs.

It was thus, therefore, how matters with regard to the amateur drama had stood at Hop Villa until the particular Christmas with which our story has to do.

And now at last Sam's fondest desires were about to be realised. 'The guv'nor had caved in,' as he informed his associates in idiomatic

English, with a gleeful chuckle; but at the same time he did not think it worth while to mention the little fact that he had recently found a strong ally in the annual warfare against his father's prejudice. Such, however, was the actual truth, and Mr Frederick Delancy, Sam's recently acquired colleague, had indeed rendered signal service to the young aspirant to managerial honours and responsibilities. His father had indeed found it very difficult to withstand the insinuating address and skilful sharpshooting of this Mr Delancy, supported as he was by the heavy artillery of his son's pleading; so eventually the old gentleman beat a retreat, and gave the long-coveted permission for an amateur theatrical entertainment—a real theatrical entertainment—to be given at Hop Villa.

Mr Delancy, some few weeks before the date of the opening of our tale, had been introduced to the family at Hop Villa by Mr Dobson himself. The opulent brewer had formed his acquaintance at one or other of the numerous resorts in the City devoted to the recuperation of exhausted nature. Who Mr Delancy was, or where he came from, or what were his antecedents, no one seemed to have inquired into; nor apparently did they ever give the subject the slightest consideration. He was gentlemanly in appearance, possessed of good looks, and extremely engaging in his manners. He met his business responsibilities punctually, and had, more than once, proved himself far from being a tyro in matters commercial—a sure passport to the good opinion of the majority of City men. It is true that the office which he occupied was not so very much larger than a good-sized packing-case, and the furniture contained in it was meagrely represented by the proverbial stool, and desk on which reposed the regulation blotting-pad. But the absence of elaborate fittings rather added to than diminished Mr Delancy's reputation: colossal fortunes had undoubtedly been made in counting-houses with no greater pretensions. And so it came about that a chance acquaintanceship struck up between Mr Dobson and Mr Frederick Delancy gradually ripened into a closer intimacy, and almost every Saturday to Monday saw the good-looking man, who was 'something in the City,' a welcome guest at the hospitable country abode of the substantial brewer and maltster.

The family at Hop Villa—by the way, so called to commemorate a lucky 'hit' in the bitter, but useful, plant fostered by Mr Dobson—consisted of—besides the father, who was a widower, and son, already introduced—middle-aged sister of the former, who was one of the 'vinegary' sort, and who, strange to say, was the only one who did not take readily to Mr Delancy. There were also the two Misses Dobson—Aurelia, an interesting brunette, and Blanche, a pretty blonde, aged twenty-two and eighteen respectively. The young ladies were, as may be easily understood, by no means pleased to have so distinguished-looking a *parti* as their papa's new friend added to their Saturday afternoons' lawn-tennis tournaments, when the weather permitted—to say nothing of the satisfaction they enjoyed when they 'trotted out'—as Sam slangily put it—their visitor to church on the Sunday mornings of his very frequent visits.

Permission to get up the dramatic performance once obtained, the next important piece of business was the selection of the play. This was by no means an easy task, and provoked a good deal of discussion, and occasionally was the means of the stirring up of no little feeling amongst the various aspirants to 'good parts.' Eventually, however, that whilom favourite piece of amateurs, the comedy of *Still Waters Run Deep*, was decided upon, as being the most likely to come within the range of the various resources of those who were to interpret it; the scenery, &c., being of a simple nature. Also, another good reason for fixing upon this particular play was that Mr Delancy had previously appeared more than once in the important rôle of Captain Hawksley, and was therefore well up in the entire business of the play. Then came the distribution, amongst the embryo Irvings and Ellen Terrys, of the various parts or characters in the play. To Sam was assigned the delineation of the hero, the cool John Mildmay; and his elder sister was intrusted with the very great responsibility of representing Mrs Sternhold, the leading female character. The youthful Blanche was to impersonate the rather limp and insipid Mrs Mildmay; and old Potter fell to the share of an aspiring youthful acquaintance of Sam's, named Newgrange, who felt sure the simulation of the manner of doddering old idiots was his forte. As for the remaining minor personages of the play, Sam undertook to find adequate representatives, who, however, would not be required until the final rehearsals.

After a few days' studying of the words, or what the professional term 'cackle,' preliminary rehearsals of the principal characters were called by the unanimously elected stage-manager, Mr Delancy; and this gentleman now found it necessary to 'run down' to the villa at more frequent intervals than the regulation Saturday to Monday. As the chief of the dramatic corps, he was extremely painstaking with the members comprising it, and ruled the histrionic aspirants under his charge with a quiet and courteous, yet firm authority which gained him much esteem. It need scarcely be said that to the ladies he devoted the closest attention. To Aurelia, who had to depict the troubles and embarrassment of Mr Potter's sister, but who had never had the opportunity of seeing the character portrayed by either professional or amateur, his 'coaching' was invaluable and much appreciated. In fact, it was becoming quite *en evidence* to those who went about with their eyes unclosed, that the fair Aurelia was surely developing a feeling towards the fascinating delineator of the scheming Hawksley which threatened to be something more than a girl's admiration for the gentleman's versatile talent, or a mere liking for his pleasant society.

'Depend upon it, me boy,' whispered the youth—in his own estimation a knowing one—who was labouring under the weighty part of Dumbilk, to his companion Newgrange, whose mission, as already stated, was to be the delineator of the imbecile old Potter, as they watched the effective scene—known professionally as the 'lamp scene'—between Captain Hawksley and Mrs Sternhold—'depend upon it, the little Dobson is hit; it won't be her fault if she isn't hit hard too.'

'Shouldn't wonder if you ain't about right,' languidly acquiesced the 'old man.' And no one knew better than the astute 'captain' himself that he was making a most decided impression upon the susceptible heart of the eldest daughter of the House of Dobson; and be certain, too, that he did not allow the slightest opportunity to escape him of making still further advances towards endeavouring to secure the young lady's enhanced opinion of his own personal merits.

The sharp eyes also of the young ladies' aunt had not failed to observe that her elder niece was unmistakably much impressed and attracted by her brother's handsome and gentlemanly new acquaintance; and being naturally of a suspicious turn of mind, she immediately 'sniffed' designs, on the part of the agreeable visitor, upon her niece's 'expectations,' which were considerable. The good old lady, however, thought fit to keep her ideas on the subject within her maiden breast; for, as she said—and not without good cause—to herself, 'it would be quite useless mentioning my impressions to Samuel—at present at anyrate; he is as much infatuated with his new "catch" as all the rest of them. However, we shall see. It is not often *I* am wrong; and I do not think the unfavourable impression, which I cannot help entertaining, of this Mr Delancy will be dispelled by any future action on his part.'

The concluding full rehearsals now became more frequent as the night fixed for the actual performance of the comedy drew nearer; and they undoubtedly proved to be a great source of enjoyment both to the persons immediately concerned, and those select few who were privileged to be present on the important occasions. And there exists but little doubt that a vast amount of innocent amusement, not to mention a goodly number of hearty laughs, may be got out of the many mistakes made by a party of amateurs—probably finding themselves all together for the first time—doing their honest utmost to follow successfully in the practised footsteps of the professional actor. 'Mr Potter' for instance, was a continual cause of anxiety to the stage-manager by his pertinacity in trying practically to convince his *confrères* that his proper position on the stage was immediately in front of the fireplace, he with his back to it, and hands behind him playing with his coat-tails; and at the same time, every now and then giving forth a nervous, sharp little cough, as though he had got a small fishbone stuck in his throat, and was using his best endeavours to dislodge the irritating substance. The young aspirant, too, who had been 'cast' for the small part of Dunbilk would persist in indulging in the most outrageous Irish brogue, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of Mr Delancy, and indeed of all concerned.

'My dear young friend,' said Captain Hawksley, 'you don't suppose I should be such an ass as to elevate a "hod-carrying" Paddy to the proud position of assisting me to float grand schemes for the benefit of the investing public? Scarcely likely, eh? Well, then, do, for goodness' sake, tone down the "shure;" and I really fail to discern the word "bedad" in the author's text; so kindly forget to use it.' And in this easy, bantering manner the tactical Delancy succeeded in

keeping well in hand those of his little company who needed to be set right in their ideas of the characters allotted to them. The ladies framed admirably, and after two or three rehearsals, went through the business of the scenes, and moved about the miniature stage with such easy grace and freedom that would have led one to suppose they had been very much in the habit of playing at actresses, instead of the present occasion being really their first essay. As for Master Sam, he bade fair to become a formidable rival to the best professional representative of the character of John Mildmay known on the modern stage. And so matters proceeded pretty smoothly on the whole, and the theatrical undertaking at Hop Villa promised to be a great success.

In the meanwhile, as hinted at previously, Mr Delancy had not allowed his chances of winning the smiles of the fair Aurelia to go by without turning them to the utmost account. Endless opportunities for indulging in the dangerous pastime of flirtation present themselves during the getting up of an amateur theatrical performance; and any fond couple desirous of enacting the leading parts in the 'old, old story,' need not despair of finding full scope for following their inclination. And so it happened with Aurelia Dobson and Frederick Delancy. Constantly thrown together, as they performe were, whilst conning over their parts, there was little wonder that an inexperienced and withal somewhat romantically inclined girl, as Aurelia was, should become seriously taken with so clever and accomplished a man of the world as the gentleman, who was so painstaking and patient with his interesting pupil. Yes, Mr Newgrange was not far out in his judgment when he expressed an opinion to his friend, in his own peculiar phraseology, that the elder Miss Dobson was in a fair way to lose her heart to the insinuating impersonator of Captain Hawksley.

On one occasion, Delancy had been more tender in his manner than usual towards the susceptible young lady, and the conversation indulged in by the pair of as yet undeclared lovers was straying dangerously beyond the pale of conventionality.

'It must be nice to have wealth,' observed Mr Delancy.

'Oh, but to *know* that one possesses the true affection of a noble heart,' sighed his fair companion, 'must be a far worthier gratification.'

'Ah,' rejoined Delancy, modulating his really musical voice as he so well knew how, 'for want of that wealth which you speak so lightly of, Miss Dobson—Aurelia—how many a noble heart has been prevented from pouring out its impassioned prayer to the shrine it worships at. I am a poor man.'

'But *I* am rich—that is, I shall be, Fred—Mr Delancy,' impulsively exclaimed Aurelia, looking up at the object of her adoration with ill-concealed fervour; and then, it probably dawning upon her that she had exceeded the proprieties just a little, the now confused girl turned her head in the direction in which her aunt was seen approaching, and started off to obey an imaginary summons from that (on this occasion) opportune old lady.

When Mr Delancy found himself that evening in the privacy of his own room, he repeated

aloud the words, 'But I am rich—that is, I shall be,' which Aurelia had so ingenuously uttered, and the repeating of them seemed to give him peculiar and intense satisfaction.

DOG-WHIPPERS AND SLUGGARD-WAKERS.

ABOUT three years ago, we gave a paper (No. 954, April 8, 1882) on this subject under the heading of 'Keeping Order in Church,' to which we now propose to add a few particulars which have since come under our notice.

In one of his Injunctions of 1552, Archbishop Holgate of York ordered that 'the vergers do attend choir in divine-service time for the expulsion of beggars, other light persons, and dogs forth of the church.' That this practice prevailed at least two years earlier is proved by the churchwarden's accounts at Louth, in Lincolnshire, to which we previously referred. The office of Dog-whipper is referred to in Lodge and Green's *Looking-glass for London and England*—a curious work, published in 1594—in these words: 'A gentleman! good sir; I remember you well, and all your progenitors. Your father bore office in our town. An honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squire's livings on him; the one on working-days, and then he kept the town stage; and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped the dogs out of the church. Methinks I see the gentleman still; a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard, rat's colour, half-black, half-white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose autem glorificans, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Coppersmith's Hall for a monument.'

Whether old Scarlett—see *Book of Days*, vol. ii. pp. 16, 17—the well-known sexton of Peterborough, discharged the duties of dog-whipper in addition to that of sexton, we are unable to state with any degree of certainty. In his portrait on the west wall of the cathedral he is, however, depicted as wearing a whip in his belt; but he may have required it to drive off the juveniles during the discharge of his duties as sexton. The painting also shows that famous man with five keys in his hand, which may indicate that he also discharged the duties of apparitor in addition to that of sexton, so that old Scarlett may have been one of the first dog-whippers in this country. He died in 1591, at the age of ninety-eight.

We gather from the parish accounts that the dog-whipper at Bray, in Berkshire, was provided with 'a jerkin,' to indicate his official position, at a cost of six shillings and fourpence. The same individual appears to have whipped not only dogs but rogues out of the church; and was at a later date furnished with a surplice and a coat, which cost ten shillings. The item paid to Richard Turner for whipping 'the doggs out of the church' at Morton, in Derbyshire, in 1622, was one shilling.

It has been affirmed that the Puritans introduced dogs in the church in order to show their contempt for consecrated places. Whether this were so or not, the presence of dogs became, in the larger churches, such a nuisance, that an

official, called the dog-whipper or dog-'knewper,' was specially appointed to drive dogs from the sacred edifice, the office having previously been held by the sexton or apparitor, as a rule. The close railing about the altars was first introduced about this period, so that the sacrairum and the holy table might be protected from desecration and pollution by these quadrupeds. In the books of Goosnagh, near Preston, Lancashire, under date April 10, 1705, we find that the sexton had to 'whip the dogs out' of the church 'every Lord's day,' in addition to other duties.

The remuneration of dog-whippers and sluggard-wakers varied according to circumstances—from ninepence a year to seven shillings. On his appointment to the office of sexton at St Mary's Church, Reading, in 1571, John Marshall 'undertook to have the church swept, the mats beaten, the windows cleaned, and all things done necessary to the good and cleanly keeping of the church and the quiet of divine service, for the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence, paid annually.' The dog-whipper at Great Staughton, in Huntingdonshire, received one shilling in 1652 for the discharge of his duties in respect to the canine race for three months. Nearly a century later, in 1736, the salary of thirteen shillings was received, in addition to a new coat every other year, by one George Grimshaw for his manifold services in Prestwich Church in waking sleepers, whipping out dogs, keeping the children quiet, and the pulpit and church walks clean. The sexton at Barton-on-Humber formerly received 'four shillings and fourpence by the year from the churchwardens for dog-whipping'; so we gather from an undated 'Survey' relating to the vicarage. In 1764 there was paid to one James Warrington the sum of three shillings and fourpence 'for waking the church.'

In Northorpe Church, a 'Hall-dog pew' was formerly set apart for the use of that portion of the canine race which were favoured with homes at Northorpe Hall. It is the only one which has come to our knowledge; but there was probably similar accommodation provided for the dogs of the gentry in other parts of the country.

In admonishing young people, the author of *A Choice Drop of Seraphic Lore*, said: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and carefully attend the worship of God; but bring no dogs with you to church; those Christians surely do not consider where they are going when they bring dogs with them to the assembly of divine worship, disturbing the congregation with their noise and clamour. Be thou careful, I say, of this scandalous thing, which all ought to be advised against as indecent.' At this time, a footman was often seen 'following his lady to church with a large Common Prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other.'

The Rev. William Paul, D.D., minister of Banchory-Devenick, in his entertaining reminiscences of seventy years, published in 1881, under the title of *Past and Present Aberdeenshire*, affirms that many years ago ministers in Scotland 'were much annoyed by dogs, which were allowed by their owners to follow them to church. In consequence of the disturbance and distraction thus created during divine service, it was part of the beadle's duty to put dogs out. For this purpose

in some parishes he kept an instrument called "a clip," of the construction of a blacksmith's tongs, and having long wooden handles with a joint near the point, by which, without injury to himself, he could lay hold of the intruding animal and drag him out. These instruments were not in use in my time; but the late minister of Durris told me,' continues Dr Paul, 'that one of his friends being annoyed by a dog during the delivery of his sermon, and being unable to bear it any longer, said to his beadle: "Peter, man, canna ye put out that dug?" "Na," said Peter; "he winna gang oot, sir." "Canna ye clip him, then?" said the minister. "Na, sir," said Peter; "I canna dee't; he's a terrible surly-like beast, an' I'm feart at him."

Mr Grant, the predecessor of Dr Paul's friend, the late worthy minister of Methlick, was at one period of his ministry much annoyed by dogs during divine service in the church, and had found clip and beadle and much scolding of the congregation alike ineffectual for ridding him of the annoyance. On one occasion he found an unexpected ally who did him good service. He was preaching with great animation and vigour as usual, when a large black dog came stepping up the passage with great formality, moving his long tail from side to side, and sniffing at the entrance of every seat, in order to find out his master. As bad luck for him would have it, he stopped at one of the seats where a rough, half-witted-looking fellow was sitting with his chin leaning upon a stick, which he clasped with both his hands. The fellow, thinking that the dog was stopping in order to bite, gave him a smart blow upon the nose, and down fell the dog stunned at his feet. On seeing this, the minister was greatly delighted, and having halted, said to the man with great emphasis: 'Thank you for that, sir,' and then proceeded with his discourse.

Early in the present century, the minister of Old Meldrum, named Harry Likely, was a very eccentric character. One day when preaching, he suddenly paused, and said to the beadle: 'Tammies, put out that dog there that's lyin' in the pass; he's like to gar me laugh, gashin' an' gnappin' there at the fleas. Put him out, man, an' dinna miss a thud o' him till ye hae him bye Nether Fowlie's door; and haste ye back to the worship.'

Dr John Brown, a dear friend of dogs, relates the story of the first dog he ever owned. It was rescued from drowning by his brother, and was a remarkable dog, 'without one good feature, except his teeth and eyes and his bark.' It was named 'Toby.' 'Toby was usually nowhere to be seen on my father leaving,' writes his genial biographer; 'he, however, saw him, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side, like a detective; and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company.' Dr Brown's father was a clergyman, and one Sunday, Toby had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. 'The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move and gently open; then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the church, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked

somewhat abashed; but sniffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice; and not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit, and behold! there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease, when he beheld his friend, the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail, I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet, and invisible to all but himself. Had he sent old George, the minister's man, to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George.'

When Her Majesty attended Crathie Church for the first time, the clergyman was followed up the pulpit stairs by a large dog, which reclined against the door during the delivery of the sermon. The minister in attendance on the Queen remonstrated with the clergyman. On the next Sabbath day the dog was not at church. A day or two afterwards, whilst dining at Balmoral, the clergyman was asked by Her Majesty to explain the cause of absence of the animal from church. He explained that he had been informed that the dog's presence had annoyed the Queen. 'Not at all,' was the royal response; 'pray, let him come as usual. I wish everybody behaved as well at church as your noble dog.'

A clergyman from Edinburgh officiating at a country kirk, could not comprehend why the congregation kept their seats when he rose to pronounce the benediction, instead of standing up, as was then the custom in Scotland. Seeing his embarrassment, the precentor, who had guessed its cause, called out: 'Say awa, sir, say awa'; it's joost to cheat the dowsgs!'

We have only dealt with the subject as far as it relates to Great Britain; but the necessity for appointing dog-whippers and sluggard-wakers has existed across the Atlantic, and elsewhere. Here are instances: As a clergyman in Connecticut was reading one of the Lessons for the day, he noticed a surly-looking dog frisking along the aisle, evidently in search of something upon which he might exercise his mischievous bent. Soon he secured a hat which was placed outside one of the pews. The owner seeing this, and objecting to this unceremonious proceeding with his chapeau, poked him with a cane, hoping thereby that he might regain his headgear. The cur was disobliging. The sexton soon appeared on the scene. The dog then beat a hasty retreat with his prize. Some of the congregation joined in the chase; but after cleverly dodging his pursuers for some time, the dog reached the door, carrying off with him what remained of the gentleman's hat.

During his visit to Sarna, Du Chaillu tells us in his *Midnight Sun* that on ascending the pulpit he 'saw near the Bible what resembled a policeman's club, at the end of which was a thick piece of leather, the whole reminding me of a martinet. This had been used, until within a few years, to awake the sleepers; the parson striking the pulpit with it very forcibly, thus compelling attention. Near the pulpit was a long pole, rounded at one end, with which the sexton, it appears, used to poke the ribs of sleepers. These two implements, intended to

keep the church awake, were used extensively in many out-of-the-way places in Sweden twenty or thirty years ago, and here till within a few years, but were discontinued by the present pastor. Now, pinches of strong snuff are often offered to the sleeper, who, after sneezing for a considerable time, finds his drowsiness entirely gone.*

BEFORE THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

Wood was one of the earliest substances employed on which to inscribe names and record events. Stone, brass, lead, and copper were also used at an early period; after which, the leaves of trees. These were superseded by the outer bark of the tree; but this being too coarse, the inner bark came soon after to be used, that of the lime being preferred. This bark was called by the Romans *liber*, the Latin word for book; and these bark books, that they might be more conveniently carried about, were rolled up, and called *volumen*, hence our word volume. The skins of sheep, goats, and asses were the next materials used; and so nicely were they prepared, that long narratives were inscribed on them with the greatest accuracy. Some of these were fifteen feet long, containing fifty and sixty skins, fastened together by thongs of the same material. The intestines of certain reptiles were also used, for it is a well-authenticated fact that the poems of Homer were written on intestines of serpents in letters of gold. This roll was a hundred and twenty feet long, and was deposited in the great library of Constantinople, where it was destroyed by fire in the sixth century. The next material was parchment, skins smoothed and polished by pumice-stone; to which succeeded vellum, a finer description of parchment, made from the skins of very young animals. On this vellum, gold and silver letters were stamped with hot-metal types. Some of these productions are very beautiful, requiring much time and labour to prepare and complete them; and the more carefully they are examined, the more do we admire the taste and ingenuity displayed.

The papyrus, an Egyptian plant, a kind of rush, was the next substance that came into operation; hence the word *paper*. In addition to its value for writing, a sweet nutritive juice was extracted from the pith, the harder portions were made into cups and staves, and the fibrous parts into clothes, ropes, and wick for lamps. The paper was made by placing on a table layers of the plant, saturating them with water, and pressing them closely together; then they were dried, beat with a mallet, stretched, polished with a shell, and cut into various sizes. This process of manufacturing the papyrus commenced about two hundred years before the Christian era, and was continued with improvements till the ninth century, when cotton paper was made in China or Persia—for opinion as to this is divided. But there is no doubt that in the tenth century this cotton paper was generally used for writing.

* In many outlying Scottish parish churches, the shepherd is still attended at service by his faithful collie.—ED.

purposes, and continued to be so till the close of the thirteenth, when it was superseded by paper made from linen rags. The inventor and the exact date of the invention have not been clearly ascertained; but there is no book of linen paper extant earlier than 1380. Towards the close of the century, paper-mills were erected in several places of the continent, though it does not appear that any paper was made in England till 1588—the maker being a German, and the place Dartford in Kent.

Such were the materials employed for the transmission of knowledge previous to the invention of the art of printing, and we shall now notice some of the tools and instruments used for writing during the same period.

The chisel was employed for inscribing on stone, wood, and metal. It was so sharpened as to suit the material operated on, and was dexterously handled by these early artists. The *style*, a sharp-pointed instrument of metal, ivory, or bone, was used for writing on wax-tablets. The *style* was unsuitable for holding a fluid, hence a species of reed was employed for writing on parchment. These styles and reeds were carefully kept in cases, and the writers had a sponge, knife, and pumice-stone, compasses for measuring, scissors for cutting, a puncheon to point out the beginning and the end of each line, a rule to draw and divide the lines into columns, a glass containing sand, and another with writing fluid. These were the chief implements used for centuries to register facts and events.

Reeds continued to be used till the eighth century, though quills were known in the middle of the seventh. The earliest author who uses the word *penna* for a writing-pen is Isidorus, who lived in that century; and towards the end of it, a Latin sonnet 'To a Pen' was written by an Anglo-Saxon. But though quills were known at this period, they came into general use very slowly; for in 1433, a present of a bundle of quills was sent from Venice by a monk with a letter, in which he says: 'Show this bundle to Brother Nicolas, that he may choose a quill.'

The only other material to which we would refer is ink, the composition and colours of which were various; the black was made of burnt ivory and the liquor of the cattle-fish. We are not prepared to say what other ingredient was used or how it was manufactured; but these ancient manuscripts prove that the ink was of a superior description. Red, purple, silver, and gold inks were also used. The red was made from vermillion and carmine, the purple from the murex; and the manufacture of these, especially the gold and silver varieties, was an extensive and lucrative business.

From the above statements, it is obvious that the obstacles to the transmission of knowledge in the early and middle ages in respect of materials were very great. Blocks of stone, planks of wood, plates of brass or lead, were too heavy and cumbersome to circulate; and even after better materials were used, such as parchment and the papyrus, the difficulties were considerable. But the discovery and production of paper gave a mighty impetus to the diffusion of knowledge. Copyists sprang up in great numbers, and found remunerative employment. That we may form some idea of the extent of business

carried on, it may be stated that libraries containing thousands of volumes were collected in several places, and that in the thirteenth century there were in Paris alone more than six thousand persons engaged in copying and illuminating manuscripts.

But numerous though copyists and books were, the hindrances to the diffusion of knowledge were still very great. The copies were few, after all, compared with the demand; and the cost of transcription enormous, considering the value of money and the rate of wages. As illustrations of this, it may be noticed that in 1274 a Bible sold for fifty marks—thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence. The price of wheat was three shillings and fourpence a quarter, a labourer's wage three-halfpence a day, a harvestman's twopence. So that the value of the Bible sold for fifty marks was equal to the value of two hundred quarters of wheat, or the pay of four thousand harvesters for one day. In 1429, a copy of Wycliffe's New Testament was four marks and forty pence—two pounds sixteen shillings and eightpence. In 1433, the sum of sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings was paid for transcribing a copy of the works of Nicholas de Lyra, which was chained in the library of the Gray Friars. The price of wheat at that time was five shillings and fourpence the quarter, the wages of a ploughman a penny a day, and of a stone-cutter fourpence. This being the state of things, it was only rich persons who could purchase books and procure libraries, and therefore the information diffused was of a very limited description. But the invention of printing removed these serious impediments, opened up the greatest facilities for the spread of literature, so that now books are so cheap and so numerous as to be within the reach and the purchase of the poorest of the population. It might be wished that the boon were more generally prized, for in the midst of much knowledge there is also much ignorance. It is encouraging and cheering, however, to know that books are being more valued, and the taste for reading becoming greater every day.

'COOPERING' IN THE NORTH SEA.

THE system of 'coopering' in the North Sea has recently been brought into some prominence. The North Sea fishermen in pursuing their calling are exposed to many dangers, and it is only just that, where practicable, steps should be taken to minimise those dangers as much as possible. It is a notorious fact that for some years past the coopers have been carrying on an extensive and increasing trade in the North Sea, particularly among the flotillas of boats engaged in the herring-fishery, and it is to be regretted that their trade is productive of so much evil. The coopers' vessels are generally fitted up in a most elaborate manner, and trade principally in spirits of various kinds, perfumed waters, and tobacco, all of which articles have a ready sale among fishermen. The spirits are of such a vile nature that a very small quantity has a maddening effect, and the other articles are also of an inferior quality. They may be purchased from the

coopers at a considerably lower rate than articles of the same denomination on shore, owing to the inferiority of the articles, and also to the fact that a heavy duty is levied upon like goods purchased ashore. With such facilities for obtaining these luxuries, it is not to be wondered at that the fishermen should take advantage of the opportunity, and frequently reduce themselves to a state of stupefaction by indulging in the liquor purchased from the coopers. Recently, the Board of Trade have held several inquiries into the conduct of smack-masters, who, it has been alleged, have been rendered incapable of performing the duties of their office owing to an excessive indulgence in the coopers' spirits. The evidence adduced at these inquiries has disclosed a disgraceful state of affairs, and proves conclusively the necessity of taking immediate action in the matter for the better protection of life and property at sea.

It frequently happens that quarrels arise on board the fishing-boats amongst those who have partaken of the drugged spirits, and these sometimes result in injury to one or more members of the crew. Should a drunken brawl occur on shore, the presence of a policeman is generally sufficient to quell it; but at sea, where the police are not available, the fishermen are placed at a disadvantage; and consequently, the quarrels arising there cannot be so easily decided. When drunkenness exists on board a vessel, improper navigation must ensue, thus placing life and property at a great risk; but now that the Board of Trade can deal with the certificates of defaulting smacks-men, it is to be hoped that greater care will be exercised by those in charge of vessels.

The coopers not only seek money in payment for the goods vended by them, but they are willing to exchange for any of the vessels' belongings. This is a temptation to the fishermen which ought not to be allowed to exist, as it is detrimental to the interests both of the fishermen and of the smack-owners themselves, seeing that the latter are frequently not made cognisant of the dealings of the men at sea. The usual mode of obtaining the goods is for intending purchasers to go from their vessel in the small boat and board the cooper, there purchasing the articles required. This is often attended with great danger, particularly if the occupants of the boat should indulge too freely whilst on board the so-called 'floating grog-shop.' The seizures of contraband goods made from time to time on board the fishing-craft point to another attendant evil of the system of coopering. The fishermen are no doubt induced to purchase the goods hoping thereby to add a few shillings to the otherwise small revenue arising from their usual employment, provided, of course, that they should escape detection. On several recent occasions, however, fishermen with large quantities of the coopers' tobacco in their possession have been detected on shore, and have been brought before the magistrates and heavily fined. This should prove a warning to others who may be tempted to invest in the coopers' stores in the hope of making a little profit by getting the goods ashore.

EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATIONS IN JAPAN.

THE Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan for 1884 contains (says *Nature*) a paper, by Professor Milne, on three hundred and eighty-seven earthquakes observed during two years in North Japan. To determine the extent of country over which an earthquake was felt, he distributed bundles of postcards to the government officials at all important towns within a distance of one hundred miles of Tokio, with a request that every week one of the cards should be posted with a note of any earthquakes that might have occurred. By this expedient it was discovered that the Hakone Mountains, to the south of the Tokio plain, appeared to stop every shock coming from the north; and accordingly the barrier of postcards was stopped in that direction, but was extended gradually to the north until it included the forty-five principal towns in the main island to the north of Tokio, besides several places in Yezo. In Tokio, observations as to direction, velocity, and intensity were made with various earthquake instruments. A description of the principal instruments used, with a comparison of their relative merits, has already been given by Professor Milne in vol. iv. of the Transactions of the Society. The second part of the paper is devoted to a list of the three hundred and eighty-seven earthquakes recorded, with particulars of each; one hundred and twenty-four maps of earthquake districts, as well as numerous other illustrations, are appended.

The results of an exhaustive study of these earthquakes may be summed up as follows: (1) As to distribution in space: of the three hundred and eighty-seven shocks, two hundred and fifty-four were local, that is, they were not felt over an area greater than fifty square miles; one hundred and ninety-eight of these were confined to the seaboard; and fifty-six were inland. The average diameter of the land surface over which the remaining one hundred and thirty-three extended was about forty-five miles, but four or five of them embraced a land area of about forty-four thousand square miles. These great shocks originated far out at sea, and consequently were not so alarming in their character as many which originated nearer to or beneath the land. (2) Simultaneous shocks: some of the disturbances took place at areas remote from each other, whilst intermediate stations did not record them. (3) Origins of earthquakes: the general result under this head is that the greater number of earthquakes felt in Northern Japan originated beneath the ocean, eighty-four per cent. of the whole having so originated. The district which is most shaken is the flat alluvial plain around Tokio. Indeed, the large number of earthquakes felt in low ground as compared with the small number felt in the mountains is very remarkable. It is also noticeable that in the immediate vicinity of active or recent volcanoes seismic activity has been small. The map marking the general distribution of volcanoes and the regions of the greatest seismic activity shows that these are not directly related to each other. The district, too, where earthquakes are the most numerous is one of recent and rapid elevation, and it slopes down steeply beneath an ocean which, at one hundred

and twenty miles from the coast, has a depth of about two thousand fathoms; whilst on the other side of the country, where earthquakes are comparatively rare, at the same distance from the shore the depth is only about one hundred and twenty fathoms. In these respects the seismic regions of Japan resemble those of South America, where the earthquakes also originate beneath a deep ocean, at the foot of a steep slope, on the upper parts of which there are numerous volcanic vents; whilst on the side of this ridge opposite to the ocean earthquakes are rare. (4) Relation of earthquakes to various natural phenomena: the preponderance of shocks in winter, as revealed by this investigation, is really remarkable; two hundred and seventy-eight took place in the winter months, as against one hundred and nine in the summer; and of the former number, one hundred and ninety-five, or more than half of the whole number for the two years, took place in the three coldest months of the year—namely, January, February, and March; in other words, there is a general coincidence between the maximum of earthquakes and the minimum of temperatures. But the relation of seismic *intensity* (as distinct from the number of earthquakes) is even more remarkable, for the figures show that the winter intensity is nearly three and a half times as great as the summer intensity. M. Perrey thought he discovered a maximum of earthquakes for the moon's perigee, but no such maximum has been found for Japan. Speaking generally, no marked coincidence was found in the present instance in the occurrence of earthquakes and the phases of the moon.

The above are the general results, stated briefly, of the most exhaustive and remarkable study yet undertaken in the domain of seismology.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, good-bye. The words are said;
We part as strangers part,
And each must turn aside the head,
And still the throbbing heart.
Good-bye, good-bye. No words of love,
Only thin bitter pain—
That we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-bye, good-bye. For deep and wide,
Across our pathway lies
The cruel gulf of wealth and pride,
In which Love faints and dies.
Though hearts may break, no tears must fall;
Bright smiles must hide our pain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-bye, good-bye; and this is all.
Still onward flows Life's stream;
The past we neither dare recall—
'Twas but an idle dream.
For Love is lying cold and dead.
He touched our hearts in vain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

ROSIE CHURCHILL.

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